To lay our ſervice freely at your feet.
*King* Thanks *Roſencraus* and gentle *Guildenſtern.*
*Que.* Thanks *Guildenſtern,* and gentle *Roſencraus.*
And I beſeech you inſtantly to viſit
My too much changed ſonne: goe ſome of you
And bring theſe Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.
*Guil.* Heavens make our preſence and our practices
Pleaſant and helpfull to him.
*Queen.* Amen. *Exeunt Roſ. and Guil.*

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* Th'Embaſſadors from *Norway,* my good Lord,
Are joyfully return'd.
*King.* Thou ſtil haſt bin the Father of good newes.
*Pol.* Have I my Lord? I aſſure my good Liege
I hold my duty as I hold my ſoule,
Both to my God and to my gracious King:
And I doe thinke, or elſe this braine of mine
Hunts not the trayle of policie ſo ſure
As it hath us'd to doe, that I have found
The very cauſe of *Hamlets* lunacie.
*King.* O ſpeake of that, that doe I long to heare.
*Pol.* Give firſt admittance to the Embaſſadors,
My newes ſhall be the fruit to that great feaſt.
*King.* Thy ſelfe doe grace to them, & bring them in.
He tels me, my deare *Gertrud,* he hath found
The head and ſource of all your ſonnes diſtemper.
*Quee.* I doubt it is no other but the maine,
His fathers death, and our haſtie marriage.

*Enter Embaſſadors.*

*King.* Well, we ſhall ſift him: welcome my good friends;
Say *Voltemand,* what from our brother *Norway?*
*Vol.* Moſt faire returne of greetings and deſires:
Upon our firſt he ſent out to ſuppreſſe
His Nephewes levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainſt the *Pollacke,*
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was againſt your Highneſſe; whereat griev'd
That ſo his ſickneſſe, age, and impotence

Was